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IN ADVANCE

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## POETRY.

For the Lancaster Ledger.  
A DIRGE.

How! ye dogs! join all, in one long dismal howl!  
Tom, the foremost of all thy race, to the grave is gone,  
Some, base malignant demon, by murder foul,  
Envious of his worth to this sad fate did help him on;  
Then join in one long, protracted, universal howl!  
For great Tom's murder so treacherous, base and foul.

Black Dash you were his friend, an humble one 'tis true,  
Yet you knew him to thy eternal honor be it said,  
Will you not then with an ocean of salt tears, bedew  
The sad fate of thy late friend, now the mighty dead?  
Then lead the way to a protracted, universal howl,  
For great Tom's murder so treacherous, base and foul.

Carlos, John, Darce, the proud distinction too was thine,  
At humble distance in admiration to wag your tails,  
Exalting, daily to see him in his greatness shine,  
Over whose greatness now alas, death's horrid gloom prevails,  
Will ye then with Dash the long protracted howl,  
For great Tom's murder so treacherous, base and foul.

W. S. HAGINS.

## SELECT TALES.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

### THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY EUGENE ST. CLAIR.

#### CHAPTER I.

Mine after life! What is mine after life?  
My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!  
A hapless darkness settles o'er my fate;  
My doom is closed!— JOANNA HALEY.

Silence held undisputed sway.  
It reigned supreme. It lay like a great pall  
upon the vast multitude, and you might almost  
have counted the pulsations of your neighbor's heart.

Those halls of justice had never encompassed  
a larger concourse than were now within its walls,  
and yet when not a breath from mortal had there been to wake its echoes,  
it had never witnessed a silence so stupendous.

And he stood up, pale, haggard, and wan with long and close confinement,  
a beautiful wreck of what was once a man!

He stood up, his white brow unmarred  
and the fire of a great intellect, whose  
brilliance, undimmed as the diamond's  
blaze, beamed from his fine, earnest eyes  
and gazed for a brief space around. And  
what saw he? O, it was a fair picture!

There were throngs of men, hale, noble  
looking men, and the open, kindly faces  
of beauteous maidenhood—all rejoicing  
in the glorious gift of a beneficent Creator—  
health, strength, and happiness; and  
through the open window, out into the  
gay sunshine, sped his gaze, where hill  
and field lay smiling in their emerald  
beauty, and the trees moved softly to the  
breath of the southern breeze; where  
blossoms were trifling well-remembered  
melodies, and the river rolled on in its placid  
majesty, and the song of wild birds rose as  
a psalm to the new-born spring!

As he stood up, and with the faces  
and forms of men, matrons, and maidens,  
with the glad sunlight and smiling fields,  
and the swaying forest; with the huddling  
brook, and the proud river, and the singing  
birds—all that seems to render life  
such an inestimable boon, gazing before  
his vision like the phantasmagoria of a  
dream—he listened to his doom—the  
mandate that was to tear him from all  
these well-known faces, from all the scenes  
that had been so dear to him from youth  
to manhood's prime.

Well, but is not this the mastery of

American law must be upheld. Circumstantial evidence had proved that lofty-browed and intellectual-looking youth to be a murderer, and the outraged dignity of the law must be appeased. He must die—must bare that white and finely sculptured throat to the hangman's ignominious touch, and form a sight for gaping fools to feast their eyes upon.

Yes, he stood up calmly, without the least visible quiver of a muscle, while those few terrible words fell solemnly from the robed dignitary's lips; and there was a clank of fetters, and he turned away to his dreary cell once more.

#### CHAPTER II.

Is this all?  
Hast thou no gentler answer? Yet bethink thee,  
And pause ere thou rejectest. BYRON.

STEV.—Then talk not thus,  
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

JEN.—If?  
Look in mine eye, and mark how true  
The tale I've told you.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Alone, with his hand pressed to his aching brow—alone, with his conflicting emotions, and no eye, save that of the Father, upon him, sat the Governor in his private apartment, while before him were strewn a mass of papers—State documents and piles of opened and unopened letters in dire confusion. But not on any of these were his eyes resting, but on a paper to which was appended a long array of names and which a single glance proclaimed to be a petition.

Yes, it was a petition, offered by the inhabitants of the town in which he was a resident, praying for a reprieve in the case of Walter Lindsay, the whom we have seen condemned to death for the crime of murder, in the preceding chapter.

Although circumstances had proved him guilty, and a jury of honest, God-fearing men had pronounced their verdict accordingly; yet in the minds of his fellow townsmen generally, a vague disbelief of his guilt prevailed.

There was nothing in the visible part of his character to warrant such a hideous idea. He had lived from infancy among them. His boyhood had given promise of noble traits, and maturity had redeemed the promise of his youth. He had always been a favorite among not only his companions, but among their parents, who esteemed him highly as an associate for their children.

He possessed a fine intellect, which no pains within his means had been spared to cultivate and refine; and as the years rolled round that at length crowned him with the tiara of manhood, he steadily advanced in all those qualifications which endeared him to his friends and acquaintances throughout the whole community.

And it was a knowledge of his virtues, and of the total absence of the vices possessed by most persons of his age, that so firmly convinced them of the truth of his assertion of his innocence. He had been known, also, favorably known, to the Governor; for, though not strictly speaking, a member of the aristocracy—for wealth, mere dollars and cents, constitute aristocracy—yet his irreproachable character, his brilliant and richly-stored mind, gave him an entrance into the first society, and he had been often a guest at his own house.

And now he sat—that gray-haired, noble-looking old man—with a saddened heart, pondering the seemingly inevitable fate which awaited the youth.

"Poor, unfortunate boy!" exclaimed the Governor, dashing away the moisture gathering in his eye. "Poor boy! to die so young, and in such a manner, while the future lay so bright before him!"

"O, my father, and must he die? Is there no hope?" said a sad, but silver-toned voice, and a pair of white arms encircled lovingly the old man's neck, and a pair of mournful eyes were lifted imploringly to his.

"Ah, Eva, my child, are you here? I thought myself alone," said he, in surprise. "No, dear Eva, there is no hope for poor Lindsay."

"None! O, you will not, you cannot refuse to grant this petition!" pointing to the paper before him. "He is innocent. You have known him from his youth, and you know he could never perpetrate the foul deed of which he is accused!"

"It seems very strange, I admit. I know of no motive to actuate him in the commission of such a crime," replied her father.

"I would pledge my life that he never committed the act!" exclaimed the girl, with spirit. "You will surely grant this petition, father!" she continued, anxiously watching the Governor's face.

"Alas! my child, I cannot! A jury of his countrymen have proved him guilty upon the strongest kind of circumstantial evidence. His own knife, with his name engraved upon the handle, was found buried in the murdered man; he was seen walking in his company near nightfall, not far from the spot where the murder was committed; and it is well known that high words had passed between them but a few days before. And, however much I may regret it, I feel that I have no right to use my prerogative of reversing the sentence of his judges."

"And this is your decision, then? You will not grant the month's delay asked in this petition?"

"O! what avail will it be, my child? There is nothing his friends can hope to prove for his benefit. His guilt is beyond a doubt. No; justice must take its course."

The white arms gradually loosened from their loving embrace, the eyelids folded their long dark lashes over the pale cheek, and like some beautiful and fragile flower, crushed a lifeless foot, she sank, without a sign of life, at her father's feet.

He bent over her and wildly called upon her to speak to him, to assure him she was not dead; and though he pressed his lips to hers, and by every term of endearment strove to woo her back to life, not a trace of animation could he bring to her pallid face.

Alarmed, he summoned assistance; and it was not until powerful restoratives had been applied that she evinced signs of returning life.

When fully recovered, however, she desired the attendants to withdraw, and leave her alone with her father. When they had gone, she resumed the conversation.

"Do not let us continue the subject; it is painful to both, yet I cannot conceive why it should affect you so strongly," said the Governor.

"It is for that reason I would speak more of it," replied Eva, with quivering lips. "It is because I love Walter Lindsay better than might elude on earth, even you, dearest father; and, sometimes I have feared better than my God! For a year we have been affianced."

"Impossible, Eva! My child, you are surely jesting with your father!" burst from the lips of the startled man.

"Think you so, my father? Look at your Eva. Does she look as she did a few months ago?"

"Ah, no! My God, I see it now!—Fool that I have been! Poor child! the roses have all fled thy cheek; thy form has lost its buoyancy, and is attenuated fearfully. You are pale, and the blue veins are sadly visible through the transparent skin. I knew that you were not well, but little did I dream the cause! O, my child, say, Eva, why have you brought me to this? You the affianced bride of a murderer!"

"Nay, calumniate him not!" exclaimed the girl, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye. "I tell you Walter is innocent. He has sworn to me, upon the word of God, since his sentence, when he had no hope of life, and I would believe him if all the angels of Heaven were to come down and say that it was false!"

She looked very beautiful—very like an inspired Pythoness—denouncing vengeance—as she stood there before her father; defending the fame of her lover. Her utterance was rapid; each word seemed bursting as it were, from an over-charged heart.

The Governor turned his face in his hands and groaned, while the tears over and anon fell through his fingers. But her arms were around his neck now, and her cheek pressed close to his, just in the same old loving way as of yore. Her voice was calmer, too, and sweet as the sound of a rich harp-string, as she spoke to him.

"My father! I Walter shall live for this little month! The prayer you would refuse the world you will grant your Eva, will you not?"

"Live! O, my God, yes! for when he dies thou wilt go too, I fear, poor flower, and—and I cannot spare thee yet," said the old man, choking.

"O, thanks, dearest father! There is a great shadow lifted from my heart, and great shines in once more. You may deem me foolish, but I have a presentiment that all will yet be well—that happiness shall take, ere long, the place of sorrow."

"God grant it may! exclaimed her father, "God grant it may! but where can you look for help?"

"There," said the girl, pointing upward.

#### CHAPTER III.

"O, Death! thou art a wondrous babbling Of men's secrets!"

Thou shalt not kill!—Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay.—HOLY WAR.

"Bend down your ear closer, Eva, and you, too, sir, for my breath grows fainter—there a stir, a film gathering across my vision. O, this must be death! But no, I cannot die with the secret of this black crime resting upon my soul! O, how faint! Doctor, is there not some potion known to your art that will brace up a dying man's energies for a few fleeting moments?" and the speaker turned his languid eyes upon the physician imploringly.

The reviving cordial was quickly administered with some effect.

"I feel stronger now," said the dying man.

"Listen, for ere I leave this world, I would make what reparation is in my power for the wrong I have done of my fellow mortals. Do not fail to record every word which I utter," he continued, addressing a gentleman seated at a table by his bedside, ready to place his confession upon paper as it came from his lips. Then turning to the pale but beautiful Eva, he said:

"From my boyhood, you have been the idol of my worship. You, and you only, know the wild unbounded fervency of my love; a love which, had it been possible for you to have reciprocated, should have made your happiness its highest aim. But it was not to be so. There was something repulsive, something hateful to you in that very love. Yet knowing all this, I loved on; like the foolish insects that flutter around the taper's flame, dazzled, fascinated by its brilliancy, until they perish, so did I allow the consuming flame of my fierce, ungovernable love to go on gathering new strength."

He paused a moment, and then continued—

"You loved and was beloved by Walter Lindsay; ay, I marked it all, each glance, each softly spoken word, and each was a dagger in my heart. He was my superior in every respect save wealth. I was not insensible of his many fine qualifications, and neither did I wonder at your preference for him."

"But it placed a demon in my breast. I learned to hate him with the most deadly hatred, and vowed that it should not be he who should stand beside you when the orange wreath encircled your white brow."

His breath grew shorter; life was evidently ebbing slowly away, and again his medical attendant administered the reviving medicine, and the speaker proceeded slowly and with much effort.

"My plans were laid with diabolical cunning. Being aware that high words had passed between Lindsay and William's (for so the murdered man was called) but a short time previous, and having as deadly a hate towards the latter as I possessed for the former, I conceived the idea of ridding myself of my two enemies in the following manner."

"I gained the possession of a knife belonging to Walter, and determined to murder William, leaving the knife buried in his heart, as it would tend to criminate its owner in the eye of the law."

"Chance favored my project. They had become reconciled, and were walking in company, one evening, from the village toward their respective homes. I was on the watch—concealed in some bushes growing by the roadside, and saw them pass. Lindsay's house being the first one, and William's some ways beyond."

"As he neared my place of concealment, I sprang upon him, and in an instant my knife was in his heart. Under cover of the darkness I reached my home undiscovered, and you know all the rest. This is God's truth!" continued the miserable man.

"With one foot in the grave, and the curtain of eternity half drawn, a man can hardly dare to speak falsely.—Hasten! Save poor Walter from his impending fate. 'Tis all the reparation I can make. O, God, I am dying! I feel the cold hand at my vitals. O, pray for me, Eva—pray for the love of God!—You are pure—your prayers will be heard; but mine—just Heaven! there is no hope!"

With a groan, the murderer sunk back upon his pillow, while that pale, beautiful girl knelt down, and with a clear, silvery voice prayed that a heart might be cleansed of its blackness and sin, and meet with mercy at the bar of Heaven's court.

And with the name of Eva trembling upon his ashen lips, the murderer's soul drifted out upon the wings of that soft petition—out on that shoreless and unknown sea.

He was saved!—snatched from the very jaws of death, at the eleventh hour! Love's faithfulness had gained its reward, and the gentle Eva once more lay upon the bosom of her heart's idol. But O, so changed, so crushed in spirit, so broken down in the April of his days. She had him back, but 'twas only the shadow of her Walter, not the noble, vigorous youth to whom a year ago her maiden vows had been pledged. But the wreck, even was dear to her soul, and she was happy.

Time works marvels. Health came again to their wasted forms—a welcome visitor. Pale cheeks grew rosy; buoyant spirits dwelt in the step once slow and weary; and eyes washed by affliction's tear, now sparkled with the light of love and joy.

And so they were married. Such trials as they had encountered surely deserved a happy finale; and what can bring more happiness to two loving hearts than a happy bridal?

The Governor was proud of his young son-in-law, and thought, with feelings of horror, how near he had been the instrument of his untimely death, thanking God and his child for staying him from the commission of so sad a deed.

A curse upon circumstantial evidence! It is a foul blot upon the escutcheon of a nation, and ought to be erased from the statute books of the world. The condemnation of a man to death upon such evidence is nothing more or less than a judicial murder! It is bad enough, God knows, to sever the thread of life of him who is clearly proven, by direct testimony, to be guilty; but to rob from one the dearest boon bestowed by the Omnipotent—life—to break at one fell blow all those sweet and precious ties which bind him here, and send him unbidden before the Great Tribunal of the skies, is a mockery, a pitiful mockery, of the name of justice!

Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn out a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the praises of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coat, look into their habits and hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend on themselves; see if they have minds which will bend them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft, delicate hand—the sple-

O, it is better, far better, that a thou sand guilty ones escape, than that one innocent one should suffer! What punishment is death in comparison with life to a murderer? 'Tis but a brief physical spasm, and all is over. But let him live, and life is a perfect hell. The ghost of his victim is ever present to his sleeping or waking vision—a phantom that will follow him to his death-bed, and there weigh down his miserable soul like a horrible incubus.

And who are we that we should wrest vengeance from Jehovah's hand! Think ye his memory is so treacherous, that when the resurrection morning shall have dawned, and all the nations stand before his bar, waiting for their doom, he will forget to meet out retributive justice?

No, no! I build not on such a hope.—Take heed to yourselves, dispensers of earthly law; for there will be the Recording Angel with the Book of Life, where on your deeds are chronicled. These judges, jurors, and prisoner will meet on equal footing, where the "higher law" holds sway. Then if ye, arrogating to yourselves a right divine, have unjustly sacrificed a human being, breaking the laws of God, why should not your souls serve as a holocaust to appease his wrath?

#### The Conditional Man.

There are some men who are never known to give an unconditional assent to any proposition, however self-evident.

We have in mind a person of this character, to whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall give the name of White.

"A beautiful morning, Mr. White," we remarked, on one occasion.

"Yes," said he doubtfully, "but I should not wonder if it rained before night."

"Your piazza is a great improvement to your house," I continued.

"Yes, sir, but it's a little too narrow.—If it was, say, a foot wider, it would be just the thing."

"In that case, you must like Mr. Smith's roof, if I am not mistaken, his is precisely that width."

"Very true, but then it's too high."

"How do you like our new minister? He is generally popular—a very good preacher, a good pastor, and a good man."

"Why, yes, I admit all that, but didn't you notice how awkward his necktie was last Sunday?"

"No, but even admitting that to be the case, it was no objection to him in his official character."

"Why, no, but then we expect a minister to pay as much attention to dress as other folks."

"You have a fine field of potatoes yonder, Mr. White."

"Yes, they look well enough above ground, but there's no knowing but they may be all rotten before they are gathered in."

"The new railroad will be a great thing for the town, and do very much to build it up, don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know but it may, but then it will be very noisy, so that a body can't have a quiet moment to himself."

"We must be content to submit to a little inconvenience for the sake of obtaining great good. That is the true philosophy of life."

"Perhaps it is, but then their railroads are confounded noisy."

Almost despairing of obtaining a straight forward, unconditional answer to our inquiries, we, as a last resort pointed out a little boy who was passing by and remarked:

"That boy has very dirty hands."

"Yes," said Mr. White, "yes, but—but he was evidently seeking for some way in which to bring an objection. At length his face brightened up, and he continued—'What if they were washed they'd be cleaner.'"

We left him to his reflections.—Yankee.

#### Good Advice to Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy popinjays who never lift a finger to help themselves, so long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject as we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars.

Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn out a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the praises of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coat, look into their habits and hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend on themselves; see if they have minds which will bend them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft, delicate hand—the sple-

did form and fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not those foolish considerations through your thoughts.

#### Female Education.

Since women have begun, in spite every impediment, to think, complaints of the injustice and subjection of their lot, the narrowness of their sphere, begin to be everywhere uttered and heard. Yet more; as a thinking, pure young woman naturally revolts at the idea of being educated, dressed, and exhibited in company, mainly with a view to her attractiveness, in men's eyes, so does she begin to question the propriety and even delicacy of a development which looks mainly to fitting her for the director of a future husband's household, the solace of his cares, and the beautiful, faithful exemplar, mother of his children.

All this she should be qualified for, because a true woman, therefore fitted for whatever comes fairly within the scope of woman's probable duties. But to be a true woman implies something more, as well as this—implies qualities which will render her useful, respected and happy, though it should be her destiny to lead an independent life. It is not the part of a true woman to affect a natural aversion, an unconquerable antipathy to the married state. It is that which may, from infancy, be considered her probable destiny, but by no means inevitable. Affection, unrequited or misplaced, the death of a loved one, a failure to recognize in any one who professes marked attention those qualities of mind and heart which are essential to an absorbing attachment—any or all of these may render celibacy the path of honor, peace, and happiness. Nay, in the eastern half of this Union, the mere numerical preponderance of woman renders it mathematically certain that a large portion of them must live unmarried.

It is the dictate of wisdom, therefore, no less than of female dignity and delicacy, that every woman should be educated for independent usefulness and happiness, as well as to discharge wisely and nobly the duties of a wife and mother. If the young women of our day are not impelled to an immodest and degrading anxiety to marry, it is because the purity of their nature overrules and subdues the base influences whereby they are surrounded.—A maiden so educated that her substantial acquisitions are such as to suppose the state of widowhood as their sphere of activity, and these set off by accomplishments which are inevitably intended to fix the regard and win the admiration of men, is inevitably tempted to regard marriage as necessary to her future happiness, apart from any sense of deep affection for her husband. In the plan of life which naturally unfolds itself to her half-unconscious reveries, marriage implies emancipation from a state of social inferiority—implies an assured position and enlarged opportunities. All this, so far as it tends to reconcile her to a suitor, not profoundly respected and devotedly loved, is a snare—a pitfall! Every one will readily admit that, to a pure and sensitive woman, celibacy must be immeasurably preferable, not merely to an unworthy marriage, but to one in which perfect confidence and affection shall be wanting. Yet how many who will readily confess this, in practice, habitually and pointedly disregard it!

Woman must be freed from this degrading bondage. She must be emancipated from the frequent necessity of choosing between a union at which her soul revolts, and a life of galling dependence on remoter relatives, or of precarious struggles for daily bread. She must be assured a wider field for exertions in productive industry and the useful arts.—She must have conceded to her such a share of these pursuits that the average reward of her industry shall equal that of man's in proportion to its actual value. Now, the male teacher of a district school, in winter, is paid fully twice as much as the woman who teaches that same school quite as ably and faithfully in the season when labor meets a wider demand and a larger average reward. So in the cotton or woolen factory; so in the farming household. And until the sphere of female employment be greatly widened, so it must continue to be. If but two-fifths of the work to be done is allotted to women, while the balance is monopolized by men, and this allotment is sustained by an unblatant unreasoning public sentiment, which brands as indelicate, the woman who engages in the employments socially forbidden to her sex, then it is idle to hope that, so long as this arrangement prevails, the position of woman can be materially improved. Industry and its reward being the only barrier of the great mass of women as well as men against starvation or pauperism, it is evident the force of competition among that half of the human family to whom but one-third of the labor is assigned, must inevitably keep the mass of them ever in comparative thralldom and pauperism.

A lady acquaintance says the first time she was kissed by a "feller," she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, eclogue, nutmeg, and blackberries. She also felt as if something was running thro' her nerves as fast as diamonds, crossed by several little cups in chariot drawn by angels, shaded by honey suckles, the whole spread over with melted rainbow.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Smut in Wheat.

George H. Northam gives, in the Southern Planter, the following account of experiments made by him in regard to the prevention of smut in wheat:

Lot No. 1. One bushel of wheat sowed without either brining or liming, with one hundred and fifty pounds of Peruvian guano to the acre. The yield, thirteen bushels, had the smut very bad.

Lot No. 2. One bushel, brined and limed, sowed with one hundred and fifty pounds of Peruvian guano. Yield, fifteen bushels per acre. This lot had some little smut, but nothing like as bad as No. 1, which I think lost two bushels in smut.

Lot No. 3. One bushel brined, but not limed, and sowed with one hundred and fifty pounds of Peruvian guano. Yield, ten bushels. About one-third of this lot was smut.

Lot No. 4. One bushel washed in clear spring water, and then limed, and sowed with one hundred and fifty pounds of Peruvian guano. Yield, eighteen bushels. This did not have the smut at all.

On all these lots the wheat was the same; the growth equally vigorous on them all. The result of my experiments is, as will be seen, in favor of the lime.—The spring water was only used to wet the grains in order to make the lime adhere to them.

### Hints to Farmers.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil, nor fattens the animal, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

The better animals can be fed, the more profitable they are—all farmers work for profit.

Ground once well plowed is better than three poorly.

Bountiful crops are more profitable than make ones.

Make the soil rich, pulverize it well, and it will be productive.

Weeds that grow unmolested around the fences, stumps and stones, scatter their seed over the farm and are very likely to grow.

Cows well fed in winter give more milk than in summer. An ox that is in good condition in the spring will perform more labor and stand the heat of summer much better than one that is poor.

When you see the fence down, put up—if it remains until to-morrow the cattle may get over.

What ought to be done to day, do it; for to-morrow it may rain.

A strong horse will work all day without food, but keep him at it and he will not last long.

A rich soil will produce good crops without manure, but it will soon lie.

To Correct Sourness in Milk, Cream and Bread.—It is not generally known that the sourness of milk and cream may be immediately corrected by the addition of a small quantity of carbonate of magnesia in powder. Half a teaspoonful (about equal to four grains) may be added to a pint of milk or cream, if only slightly sour; a larger quantity in proportion to the sourness. From two to three grains may be added to every pound of flour to prevent sourness in bread, so injurious to some constitutions. Carbonate of soda is sometimes employed for the same purpose, but it communicates a very unpleasant flavour to the bread, and in the case of milk or cream is worse than the disease.

A REMARKABLE HEN.—The following facts have been communicated to us by a gentleman in this city, whose statement may be relied upon with entire confidence:

In February last he obtained a pair of Cochins China fowls which had been hatched the previous fall. Soon after getting them, the hen began to lay, and continued to lay an egg every day for sixty consecutive days. With the assistance of three hens of the common kind, these eggs were all hatched, except three that were accidentally broken, and four that proved added. The Cochins China hen set upon eighteen of her eggs, from which she hatched and raised fifteen chickens.

She carried her chickens but two weeks, when she began to lay again, and for more than a month past she has laid an egg every day, rain or shine, and is still laying. Of all the eggs, thus far laid, there have been hatched seventy-seven chickens, three only of which have died—leaving seventy-four. Of this number, the first three broods, consisting of about forty-five, are now fit for the table.

Thus, in about five months, this hen has laid near or quite one hundred eggs, from which have been raised seventy-four chickens, leaving still about twenty eggs to be hatched. Five or six weeks of this time was consumed by the parent hen in hatching and rearing a brood of fifteen chickens herself. This is truly a remarkable production.

Our informant states that this brood of fowls is not only large and prolific, but exceedingly hardy and healthy. The only cause taken of them he has named was to coop them until they grew sufficiently strong to follow the hens with